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THEY WILL BE CONTINUED WEEKLY.

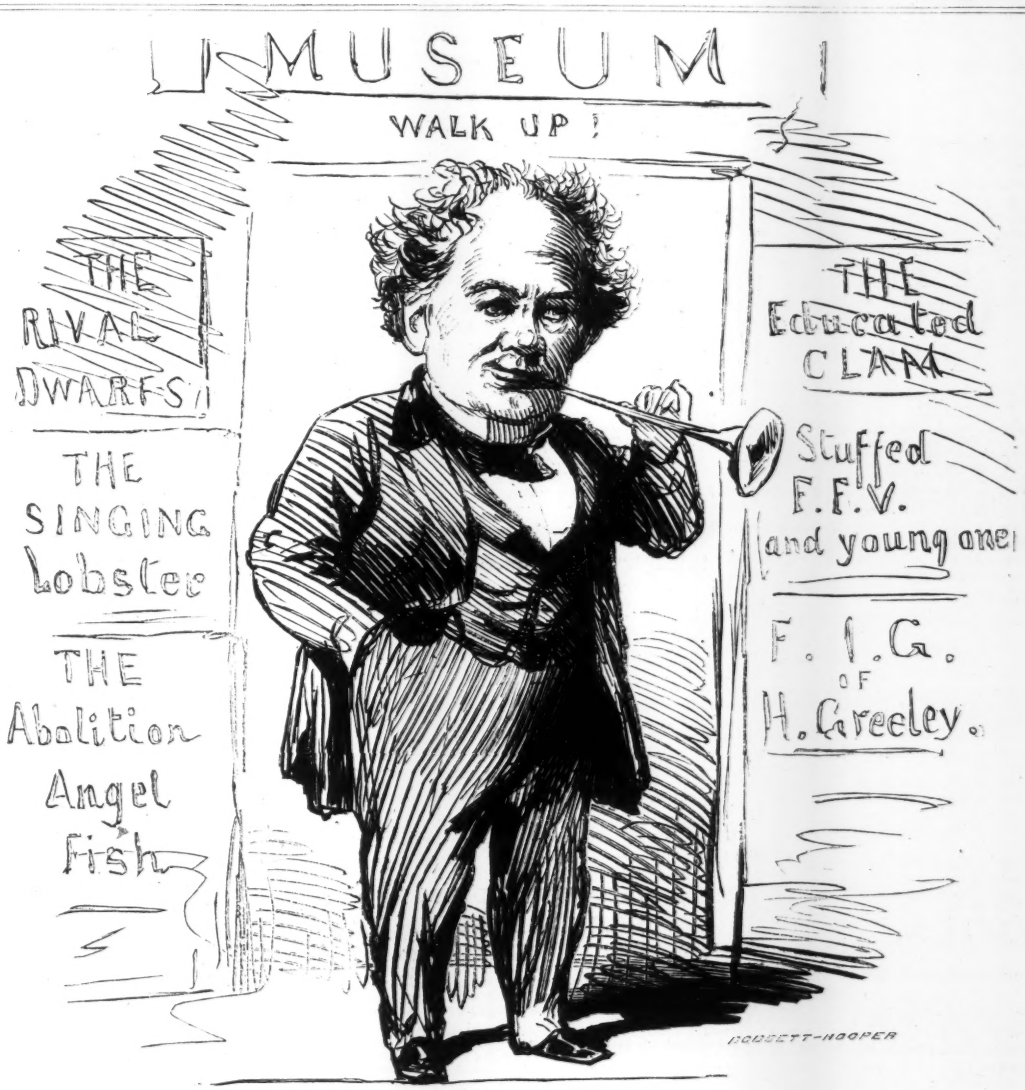
VOL. 6. NO. 142.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

SEPT. 13,

1862.



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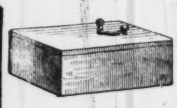

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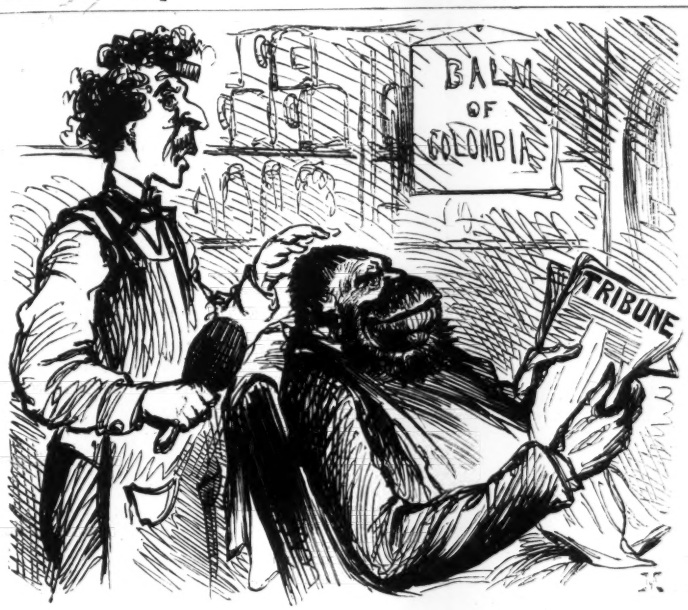


Mr. Gorilla.—"LOOK OUT, YOUNG MAN, HOW YOU RAISE MY HAIR!"
Barber.—"YE-YE-YES, SIR!"

"Every Man to his Trade."

IT seems to us that the above maxim was never more wanted as a guide and counsellor than at the present crisis.

Take an illustration, pray:

Lawyer LATITAT, who was never anything else *but* a lawyer, suddenly finds it to his interest to become a Brigadier-General. He becomes one—but doesn't become the position.

General SABBERTASH, who has been bred a soldier, thinks that, should he survive the war, he will settle down into the pillowy position of Judge of a Supreme Court, or District Attorney, at least. Do you think he could become that, in any sense?

Well; it's just as broad as it's long. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*—let the cordwainer adhere to his wax-end, nor seek besottedly to change his base.

The Cravings of Mighty Intellects.

IT is interesting to trace the studies thirsted after by great minds.

Our heavy daily writers, who are men of words, dive deeply into Lexicography.

LOUIS NAPOLEON, who has a talent for suppressing words, finds an occasional solace in the study of Mexicography.

A Bar to the Success of our Government.

Too many "Members of the Bar" in it.

LEADERS WANTED.

TEMPTING bounties Uncle SAM
To the patriot million offers,
Volunteers their pockets cram
Both from State and private coffers;
Fast our cohorts we recruit,
Treasury notes are powerful pleaders;
We have men enough to shoot,
What we want is—stuff for leaders.

Better men than fight to-day,
'Neath the Union banner starlit,
Struck not in the glorious fray
When we thrashed the hosts in scarlet.
Our artillery—foot—dragoons
Match the cream of the seceders':
Soon we'd floor the picaroons,
Had we but—God help us!—leaders.

See our stalwart rank-and-file
Built for war's most furious tussles;
Not to Waterloo, erewhile,
Marched there stouter men from Brussels.
Oh! could WASHINGTON come back,
Soon he'd crush these ruin-breeders,
Oh! for chiefs on Treason's track
Like the people's old-time leaders!

By main strength and native grit,
With such guides as Fate has sent us,
We are bound to conquer yet,
Nor can all the fiends prevent us.
But while shining gold we tell
Into soldiers' hands—O readers!
Don't you think it would be well
Bids to make for able leaders?

CHURCH MATTERS.

ACCORDING to credible writers upon the state of fashion, a new one is beginning to prevail among the clergy. Several prominent parsons have appeared in their churches and other public places, clothed in white instead of the time-honored black, and even the more fastidious among the fraternity have been lately ordering white waistcoats from their tailors.

This is an extravagance very much to be deprecated, and one to which we cannot lend our countenance. Have these reverend gentlemen estimated the cost of their weekly washing, now that the proportion of linen to liturgy has been so enormously increased by them? If some of them imagine that they can, as heretofore, make a tolerably respectable appearance without the use of soap, they will find themselves very much mistaken; for, no matter how fashionable a pastor may be in his religious teachings, he will not go down with aristocratic congregations—such as that over which Mr. BROWN, of Grace Church, presides—if he visits about among them in dirty duck.

TALES FOR THE HORSE-MARINES.

NOT long since, the daily papers here gave very positive and detailed intelligence of the death of the rebel General EWELL. Here is a sample of what we were told by them on the 28th August:

"Capt. JOHN LACY, of the Seventh Infantry, who reached this city late last night from Gen. POPE's headquarters on Tuesday morning, brings the report that during one of the raids of the rebel cavalry, Gen. EWELL was killed, having been shot by Capt. LACY himself."

Slightly contradictory of the above, comes the following paragraph, dated 5th September:—

"Adjutant QUIDAS, of the Forty-ninth Georgia Regiment, who, with nineteen of his men, was captured by our forces during the late engagements, says that JACKSON is with EWELL, in the Shenandoah Valley, at the head of a considerable force."

Conflicting emotions overpower us as we peruse these charmingly conflicting statements from the simpletons of the daily press. We fall back pleasantly upon the viridescent days of our childhood, and pipe herewith our little artless ditty, the base line of which will be recognized as belonging to dear old "Cock Robin:"

Who shot General EWELL?
"I," said Captain LACY,
"As he was changing his base, he
Received my fuel."

Who saw him fall?
"We," said several penny-a-liners—
Get out, you pack of counterfeit coiners,
He wasn't shot at all!

Singular Fact.

A GENTLEMAN of our acquaintance, who is an assiduous student of the Oriental languages, tells us that he has made wonderful progress with the Arabic tongue since postage-stamps have become currency. He attributes this to the Gum Arabic upon the stamps, which is absorbed by the pores of the skin, until the holders of them have not only the Gum, but the Tongue Arabic.

GREEN-GRASS LETTERS.

FROM A COUNTRY EDITOR.

NO. VII.

SINCE the war begun gret many newspapers in their leaden editorials try to make aout what brot it on us. Some say one thing, some another, such as the colored folks, the tariff, and so on. Our press stop before we hed gin our wiews on that pint, and Mr. TIBBITS wants we should. We dono as it wud do much good—not näow—but we wull say suthin. When any mischief is did, it is wery common to see folks who hev bin in it up to their ears specoolatin reound as to what done it. Last wint', up here to Green-Grass, one of our fellur cizzens who hed bin intoxicated, was found one morn'n stun dead, frozen stiff, with a stun jug for a pillar, and snow flakes for a kiverin. Soon's our people knowed it, the order was preëmptory not to move Mr. JIPSON tull the Crowner's quest should sit on Mr. JIPSON, to settle to the satisfaction of the hull community what killed Mr. JIPSON. So they come together and sot raound onto the snow-bank as wise lookin men as any in Green-Grass. One on em sed he passed by and see him lay there the night before when it snowed put hard, but he was in a hurry to attend a meetin of the "Wide World Amelioration Sassaety." Howsumever, he warn't much loss. Another sed he druv by arter he fell, but hed to git hum to milk his keöw. The fust thing they done was to examine the poor crit', and find ony one penny 'n 's pockitt. That was at a time, too, when there was considdibul sight o' small change, and everybody warn't turned into a post-offis clerk. Next they went to work to find aout what *didn't* cause his death. Ef you can prove that nobody on aarth sot a barn on fire, then jullike 's not it was struck by lightnin. Wal, it appeared that JIPSON warn't knocked in the hed, he warn't stabbed, and the Doctor sed his bones were all hull. What next? They come to the stun jug, but like his pockitts it hed only a scent in it. They shook it all raound and shook their heads, they smelt it all raound and shook their heads. The question was what kind o' licker that jug hed hed in it. One sed gin, another sed it was brandy of the wust keind, another apple-jack, some one sed cordial, another he call all lickers by the common name of rum, and he said it was *rum*. But the last man on the Jewry addrest them as follows: "Gennelmen, most of you is wrong; th' ain't any one of you more'n half right. There's bin gin in that jug—no difficul' abaout that—for it smells it to distraction; but you will please to take notice that there's been a *leetle molasses* mixed up wid it." That struck them, an' they consulted together. They agreed upon the gin, and arter a while they were all of one mind about the lasses. Then they hed c'sib'l debate how to fix the wardict. One said that they should say he come to his death by "molasses and rum."

Another by "rum and molasses."

Another by "rum and molasses, molasses and rum, and sleepin on top of em in cold weather."

Mr. QUICKMAN, the foreman, remarked: "Taint no use, gentlemen, to find any molasses in the case, nor gin nother. We hed better say intemperance and exposure. That takes in the hull. It's com-pre-hen-sive!" So they found it that way, and then gin leave to the poor misb'l crit' to be buried.

Now we wull tell you fust of all what we thought of the matter, altho we wasn't onto the Jewry. To let a fel cizzen freeze up like an icebug under our wery noses in order to milk a keöw or wisit a Wide World Amelia-Oration Sassaety, it doos seem to us, is a flanthropy a leetel bit too killin; yiss, not to dewote two minutes to save JIPSON alive, and then to spend two hours to settle what he died of—whether it was gin, corjel, apple-jack, m'lasses, or all put together. It mote be of some use to peopel in gen'ral, but it wudn't thaw JIPSON out again, wud it? Most certingly not. We think arter all the finding of the jewry warn't com-pre-hen-sive enuff. It should hev been gin, molasses, filanthropy, and cold weather. Those four things was too much for the poo' crit. Näow, my dear fren, a wery little in the way of prewention wud hev helped our kentry onct, but ef we shud fetch in a right wardict abeout what caused the war, it wouldn't raise the dead, heel the wownded, or find the missing—wud it? Most certingly not.

> What is over and what is done,
> Cannot be again begun.

Excuse the metre. Well enuff, howsever, for the old hacks who stay to hum to pretend to ramsack areound for causes, while all on us hev got to taste the codensequences, for ef they could git things sot to rights again, paps they wouldn't do as they hev, or paps they wud do as they haven't. We guess we shall try to help em in their inwestigations, to hold up the jug, so to speak, and find aöut what was in it. But we should go leetle furder. For arter we was sure that gin was in the jug, we wud then set to work to diskiver what was in the gin, independen of the molasses. But we're sometimes never so much puzzle to know whar's our own hat, as when it is onto our own hed, and the nearer the treuth is to hum, wery ofting the harder it is to find it. What more? as the lawyers say in court when they're pleadin. Wal, aöur body poltick is straitened eöut put stiff—not dead *by a jug full* like Mr. JIPSON—but we dono ef we got one cent in our pockit arter out debts is paid, tho jus slike's not we may hev a few postage-stamps. We can boast of nuffin but rags, and the elements sawere upon us. With an originäll constitu-hun jist as sound 's a pippin, here we be, prostrated and our circoolation stopped, nuffin but the *stars over us*, and some of them seem to be gone out, while our nabor Mr. BULL would like to see our *remains* buried decently, but he has been adwised to keep 's hands off. Howsever, our heart beats strong. We ain't a-goin to be killed off in one dark night, but cum too agin. We guess we shill. But we hev bin intoxicated with the wine of infatooation sweetened with the molasses of flattery, which we hev sucked it deöwn tull there ain't a drop left. Not much uset of inquirin what's the cause of this blood, as the man sed who bit's own tung. Body poltick's bin tamperin with its Constitution this thutty, fotty year 'n more, drinkin, swaggerin, and shakin 's fist tevery body. We've bin buyin, sellin, swoppin, bargainin, banterin, hucksterin, specoolatin, and so on, tull cruption's done its wuk. Onct we looked eout men for office, naow we hunt up offices for men.

"That's so," said Mr. TIBBITS, for we were jist readin this aout loud, t' see ef et made sound sense, as our way is.

"We've bin a ritin," sed we, "about a jewry, that helped kill the man they sot on." Then we explain the above little alligator about JIPSON, poo crit!

"Ha!" sed he, smilin more'n we've seen him do sence his ole keow died, "hev the times change since you were at the gret carract of Niagry?"

"Measurably so, my dear fren," we reply; "but our folks is put much same, ony we've got some fysic in us."

"You mean pison," sed he.

"All same. Fysick is pison, and pison is fysick."

"Mr. TIBBITS," we went on, "we wull tell yer one thing and that ain't two. It isn't that men are so much changed whar the trouble is. *It's because they hevn't changed.* They were crupt once, they are so naöw. But they've got to turn over a new leaf before we rise up again. We'll be jullike the sick man. He thought he gawn die, an he promise the minister he wud read the Bible, go church Sabbath, and not drink any more, and he done so—for a spell."

"It doos seem to me," sed Mr. TIBBITS, tacking leetle bit, "that uniwarsal eddication ought to save us, with the best governmen on the face the aarth."

"Oh! yiss, yiss," we reply, "it hed ought to do it, but pickin nan stealin comes by natur. It's easier to teach folks how to do one thing, than how not to do another. Do you think it's a tougher job to govern thutty millions of em ef they dono nuffin, than ef they can read an write an *calcoolate?* We don' believe it. They know too much, and they don't know enuff. Some flosfy 'n that. Bime by all on em wants to hev 's own way. While the peopel has been a growin stronger the governmen has bin a growin weaker. Fust it use to touch em so light they not feel it, naow when the governmen ought to grab em, they wunt be grabbed. That's the cause o' the war, my dear fren."

"Yiss, yiss, yiss," sed Mr. TIBBITS, "that is so; but we will fight it out, and then behave better."

"Certingly, we wull," we replied. "It'll all come aout right in the eend, for ony He who made the thunder can blot out the stars."

I am, etc., yours, etc., PERLEY C. TUCKER.

Gum *vs.* Iron.

IN their currency arrangements the Spartans of old were even more eccentric than we have lately become. One of their coins—we think it was a penny—was of iron, and weighed fifty-six pounds. The boys who played at chuck-farthing with these "chinkies" must have become very strong men; but we believe that the object of issuing such inconvenient specie was to disgust people with money, the root of all evil. Those poor Spartans! How much better that consummation has been attained here with postage-stamps!

Marshal Law.

IT seems that the United States Marshal has glimmerings of sense. He has discovered that the worst kind of fog to be caught in is the pettifog, and has, consequently, caused the pettifoggers to be kicked out of the government buildings in Chambers Street. They are not likely to stay kicked, however; and in case of their making an appearance again, it would be well to hang a pettifog-bell round each of their necks, as a warning to such craft as may be no match for theirs.

XUM

THE TOWN SHOWS.

"I life is a jest, and all things show it,
I thought so once, but now I know it."

WHEN I tell you, Mr. Printer, that I am an old-fashioned man, you will not be surprised that I am disposed to call things by very simple names. A show, whether it be a circus, a menagerie, a picture-gallery, a procession, a play, an opera, or anything whatever got up to amuse the people.

In fact, I look upon life itself as more or less of a show, although not always so entertaining as it might be. The poet GAY had the same notion, I fancy, when he wrote for his own epitaph, (I have read it over and again in Westminster Abbey:)

SHAKESPEARE, too, was pretty much of the same way of thinking, or he wouldn't have said that

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women in it players."

However, Mr. Printer, in view of the grave LONGFELLOW'S assertion that

"Life is real, life is earnest," etc.,

I will not insist upon this point, and in view of so serious a concession, you must indulge me if, in this series of papers, I speak of the various amusements going on among us under the general head of shows—town shows.

It may not sound very respectful in these days when we call a shop a store, a hall a saloon, an inn a hotel, a player an artist, a play-house a garden, a manager an *impressario*, every third man a colonel, and so on; but that I can't help.

And now to business.

The months with an "r" in them have at last come round again, and the play-houses, like the oyster-houses, are once more in full season. Why oysters and plays should, during all the other months, be at least doubtful, (and a doubtful play is nearly as bad as a doubtful oyster,) hath been fully explained by previous writers, to whom the curious in such matters are respectfully referred. The fact, I believe, (though I have had no time to write to Washington on the subject,) is patent. Meanwhile, it is important to notice that an all but total abstinence from the two aforesaid delicacies during the "r"-less months, usually whets the appetite for them to such a point that they are welcomed back to our boards with a relish which puts criticism quite out of the question. Hungry people are not apt to be over-fastidious.

In respect to plays, dear old Mother Goose's injunction—

"Open your mouth and shut your eyes,
And I'll give you something to make you wise"—

is blandly repeated at all the theatres, while our great good-natured public swallows what is offered to it with a confidence truly rural.

And this season, so far as appears, the confidence is not wholly undeserved. The managers are not all in the field yet—mine Ancient of WALLACK'S, and the ever-youthful Lady KEENE, choosing to practice a little elegant delay; but Messrs. JACKSON, of the Winter Garden, WHEATLEY, the new lessee of NIBLO'S, NIXON of the Cremorne Garden, and FOX and LINGARD of the Boweries, have all minded themselves of the "early bird," and, as a consequence, (pray respect the joke, if only for its age,) are now rejoicing over their solemn "Diet of Worms."

Which of them is in the best luck it would be difficult to say. Manager JACKSON has secured young Miss BATEMAN, who, besides being the most stunning and statuesque tragedienne you ever saw, is as pretty as a picture, and fills the house every night as easy as RACHEL (the original RACHEL, I mean) would fill a pitcher of water. To see her in her different parts is equal to going through "Mr. DUSSELDORF'S Gallery." When her reign is over (I say reign, because the papers, awed by her majesty, will persist in calling her a queen) we are promised, in turn, EDWIN BOOTH—who, speaking of galleries, would make a good companion-picture to Miss BATEMAN—Mr. and Mrs. BARNEY WILLIAMS, and Mr. J. S. CLARK, who again are to be followed by a galaxy or two of other luminaries, among whom, I hear, is to be that bright particular star, Mrs. SEDLEY BROWN, who made her metropolitan début a few weeks since at the Winter Garden, where I fancy I can still hear the echo of her merry laugh.

Manager WHEATLEY makes it his boast that he now commands the talent of the globe. The next question is whether it will obey. Thus far he has summoned to him GABRIEL RAVEL, the best pantomimist in the world; little JOHN HASLEM, the best young acrobat in the world; EDWIN FORREST, the most popular, if not the best, tragedian in the world; and Mr. HACKETT, one of the best comedians in the world; the two former of whom are now drawing the largest houses in Broadway, while the two latter have only to appear on the bills to set the whole town in motion. Add to this array of talent RISTORI and TITIENS, who are also summoned, and have promised, (the dangers of the sea, etc., excepted,) to be here some time next month, and Mr. WHEATLEY'S globular boast sounds as though there was something in it.

Manager NIXON'S movements are so sudden and so rapid, that he must have been taking lessons in tactics from Stonewall JACKSON or General POPE, with a view to be recognized some day as "The Great American Stagedian." He is now in full musical operation with Mlle. CARLOTTA PATTI, Mme. STRAKOSCH, Signor SUSINI, Signor DUBREUIL, Signor MUZIO, and the best orchestra in town; while, in the general way, he presents a variety of other attractions, acrobatic, pantomimic, equestrian, terpsichorean, etc., which, if variety be the spice of life, entitles his establishment to be called allspice. It is understood that his next movement will be to take the Academy of Music, for the purpose of bringing out CARLOTTA PATTI in opera. (I suppose you know that she has at last found a mechanical remedy for her lameness; if you don't, allow me the unspeakable pleasure of informing you that you may join with me in offering the future *prima donna* suitable felicitations.) It is furthermore reported that NIXON means to bring out a new opera, (no matter, for the moment, by whom—not by me, certainly,) and to bring it out in a style which will make Messrs. ULLMAN, STRAKOSCH, MARETZEK, GRAU, etc., open their eyes. MARETZEK has heard all about it, and vows that he will go and tell his MARTI. Well, to have a properly mounted opera at the Academy again, will, of itself, be a sensation, and if NIXON is really to provide it for us, (and he has an eccentric way of keeping his promises,) he deserves to be christened "The Coming Man."

Managers FOX and LINGARD, who seceded from one another some time ago, and are playing a sort of right-and-left-bower game at the New and Old Boweries, contrive to keep up considerable excitement in the Orient, LINGARD having something on ice which I have a chill recollection of having seen once or twice at LAURA KEENE'S, and FOX keeping up the usual kind of business, by which a highly moral set of boys have the opportunity, every night, of seeing vice punished and virtue rewarded, with a promptness that would surprise Provost-Marshal KENNEDY and bring ex-Mayor WOOD to untimely grief.

So you see, Mr. Printer, that, despite the gloom that hangs like a fog over the land, our managers are so many MARK TAPLEYS, whose spirits rise as the barometer falls, and who ingeniously contrive to hold their own, (to say nothing of yours and mine,) as if everything was lovely and the flag hung high from Damariscotta to Atchafalaya.

PPPS.

Ethnological Con.

Q. Why were certain nomadic tribes of Asia called Tar-tars?

A. Because they were continually Pitching their tents, and into each other.

A Flagrant Imposition.

THE imposition of a gas tax upon the consumers by the Gas Companies.

FOR FOOT SOLDIERS, ONLY.—Chiropody in the Army.

WAR-DANCE FOR CINCINNATI.—The Porka.

WHAT ANY SCARCITY OF PROVISIONS IN CINCINNATI WON'T DO.—Please the Pigs.

PERILS TO BE ENCOUNTERED BY THE ARTISTS OF THE HEAVY WEEKLIES, IN THESE PROCESSIONAL TIMES

Past Remission.

JENKS opines, that, though we have a POPE in Virginia, the Rebels have already discovered that he possesses no prerogative of "Indulgence" toward them.

The Worst of all the Quack "Pathys."

SYMPATHY, for Rebellion.

Army Arithmetic.

[CHIEFLY] "-Division," and "Practice."

F. V.'s Fruit Catalogue.

FOR Traitors: Peach.
For Bachelors: Pear.
For Rebels: Grape.
For Spendthrifts: Plum(b).
For Historians: Dates.

Fruitful Research.

"SEEDS of Rebellion!" cried the LANDLADY, tossing her head. "Why do the papers keep talking about the 'seeds of Rebellion,'? How can you find 'seeds of Rebellion I'd like to know?"

"By examining the *esprit de core* of the people, I presume, answered the delinquent LODGER.

Song of the liable-to-be "drafted" Person.

"I WOULD I were a boy again."

Things in which the Rebels "claim" to have the advantage over us.

CHIVALRY, revelry, devilry, slavery, cavalry.

CINCINNATI MARKET REPORT.—Bristles are up.

Noose of a Rebel Emissary.

WE are told by an eye-witness, that when GEORGE N. SAUNDERS reached the margin of the Niagara River, he walked up and down for some time in search of BLONDIN'S rope, and was very much disappointed when he found that that communication between the United States and Canada had been cut off.

BLONDIN'S rope is not the one upon which the accomplished Mr. SAUNDERS is destined to descend to the depths of history.

VOX ET PRETEREA NIHIL.

A MAN there was, a man of law—
His name the Muse forbears to mention—
Who, looking in his mirror, saw,
Or thought he saw, a grand invention;

One of the old king-making trade—
Though of a latter-day formation—
A modern CROMWELL, ready-made,
To slay a foe, or save a nation.

"Ho! ho!" said he, "I clearly see
Rebellion bidding fair to whop us,
Unless I save our liberty
By wiping out our Habeas Corpus!

"So said, so done; I'll do it, sure;
And, lest some crude convention stay me,
In noisome dungeons I'll immure
Whoever dares to disobey me.

"Moreover, that my fellow-men
May be as free as mountain eagles,
I'll put each worthy citizen
At mercy of my spies and beagles.

"And also, lest this dreadful mess
Some very useful brains should puzzle,
I'll put upon my country's press
A new and comprehensive muzzle.

"So praise the LORD that all is well,
Who, while the nation's torn to tatters,
Has raised up me, with magic spell,
To govern men and straighten matters."

A Proverb Improved.

WE are told by the familiar proverb that "a miss is as good as a mile." BRECKINRIDGE furnishes us with a variation of the saying, if it be true that he missed Baton Rouge by going to Amite river for water, in which case "Amite is as good as A miss" should be the new reading.

BLOT IT OUT!

"A FINE OPENING FOR A YOUNG MAN."

Lady.—"HERE'S SOMETHING INTERESTING FOR YOU, MR. SPOONBILL—GENERAL CORCORAN SAYS HE WILL NOT REFUSE TO TAKE EVEN THE MEREST KNOW-NOTHING INTO HIS BRIGADE!"

A Blunder with Boots On.

AFTER the late disastrous blunder at Bull Run, the War Department invited the citizens of Washington to go out to the battle-field, for the purpose of assisting the wounded. They went, to the number of about a thousand, through the rain; but a change had come o'er the spirit of the dreamy War Department, and the confiding citizens were ordered to go back again. Commenting upon this, a war-correspondent says:—"But the affair was not altogether bootless." What does the facile war-correspondent mean by these mysterious words? Does he mean that the benevolent pilgrims from Washington were allowed to walk back in their boots? or does he insinuate that they went in for plunder, and constituted themselves into a committee of boot-jacks for the relief of stragglers?

The questions are suggestive. So far as this war has gone, its development may be summed up in two words—blunder and plunder.

A Draper's Measure.

INTELLIGENT "stragglers" inform us that Mr. SIMEON DRAPER, who has lately undertaken the duties of "whipper-in," to drive delinquent officers to their respective regiments, has had a hard time of it. He has worn out two bundles of cowskin whips; and has lately rigged out a long stick with a spur on the end of it, which he finds more effective than the whip, and cheaper.

Numismatic.

Nummus, which used to be Latin for money, is no longer that since the ignominious postage-stamp superseded the shining metal. Pedagogues will please take notice that *nummus* is henceforth to be Latin for Mouth Glue.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

RICHMOND, VA., Sept. 1st.

DEAR VANITY:—High old times! I am in Richmond at last!

Doubtless, you wonder why I have not written to you for the last three weeks. . . .

It was in consequence of the exclusion of newspaper correspondents from the army. . . .

General dissipation is, likewise, not totally disconnected from my silence.

I have news now.

General Stonewall JACKSON, the other day, left Richmond with the Rebel Army, and started for Washington *via* Manassas. . . .

At the same moment, I changed my base, and started for Richmond.

I need not tell you that I arrived at my place of destination before he arrived at his.

I have to complain of the Government officials in this city. They exercise a rigid censorship of the press, and permit me to write nothing in the way of details concerning the strength, position, etc., of their army. . . .

. This, however, is hardly strange, considering the prejudice that exists here against the Northern press.

I am hospitably entertained by Prince DE POLIGNAC, who is here as an Ambassador Extraordinary from my old friend, L. NAPOLEON.

The Prince makes as good a gin cocktail as I ever drank. . . .

(But this can hardly be considered in the light of war-news.)

The object of Stonewall JACKSON, in his recent raid on Manassas, was to make a bold dash and catch the Federal Army. . . .

He caught it.

The following telegrams will show the result:

I.

"RICHMOND, VA.

"Gen. JACKSON:—Have you caught the Federals?

"JEFF. DAVIS."

II.

"MANASSAS, VA.

"JEFF. DAVIS:—I hayve. Stonewall JACKSON."

III.

"RICHMOND.

"Gen. JACKSON:—Bring them here. JEFF. DAVIS."

IV.

"MANASSAS.

"JEFF. DAVIS:—I can't. Stonewall JACKSON."

V.

"RICHMOND.

"Gen. JACKSON:—Come without them, then. JEFF. DAVIS."

VI.

"MANASSAS.

"JEFF. DAVIS:—They won't let me! Stonewall JACKSON."

This is literally true. The first news from STUART, LEE, and JACKSON greatly encouraged poor old JEFF. He thought that Washington was his, sure as shooting.

But shooting isn't very sure, after all.

The next news was that JACKSON had changed his base, and skedaddled.

JEFF.'S face is so long that he has to wear a bandage to keep it from coming down to his waist. The physicians pronounce it the worst case of *prolapsus maxillæ* on record.

The opinion prevails, both here and elsewhere, that Washington is perfectly safe.

A profound sentiment of disapprobation also exists throughout the South, concerning the horrible barbarities that, it is alleged, the Federal soldiers commit on the Rebels.

JEFF. is now preparing an order touching this matter. He accuses the Yankees of using ball-cartridges in battle, and of loading their cannon with real bomb-shells! Further, he says that when any of his soldiers are taken, they are treated as prisoners! For these savage cruelties he proposes to act upon the *lex talionis*, and to hang, draw, quarter, and eat every person not in arms on his side.

If his charges are true, I think that something should be done.

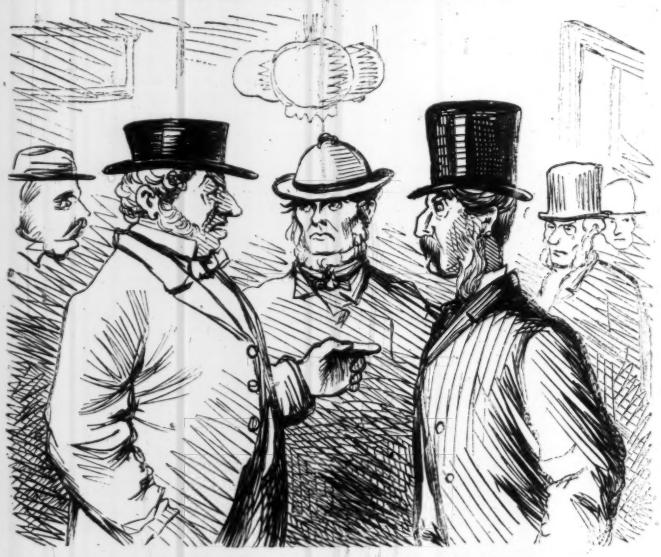
. . . But I have not told you why I came to Richmond. . . .

I shall leave next week. . . . I only came to escape the draft.

And I am yours, truthfully,

MCARONE.

ENGLISH ITEMS, BY THE ASIA.



JOHN BULL was roaring when the *Asia* sailed from Liverpool, on the morning of the 23d August. He was heard to say, in allusion to American affairs, that "the political 'orizon grows blacker and blacker;" also that "the blarsted drarft will try the temper of the Northern people more than it has ever been tried yet, and shake to its very foundation the tottering hedifice of the Union."

MR. JOHN ARTHUR ROEBUCK, M.P., is preparing a history of the First Families of Virginia. It is to be composed, chiefly, of compilations from the Newgate Calendar and similar official records.

MR. SPENCE is coming out to this country as war correspondent of the London *Times*, the style of their present correspondent here not being considered entirely above suspicion of 'Olland gin. It is stated that Mr. SPENCE has had made for him a bullet-broof pea-jacket on a new principle combining elegance with security. It is likely to be patented, under the name of the "Metallic Life-preserving Spencer."

Crime was on the increase in aristocratic circles. Lord HUNTINGTOWER was fined twelve pun' ten for smoking a cigar in a first-class railway carriage. Mr. W. NOAKES was fully committed for stealing a cotton umbrella from his butler. Lady ADELAIDE CARBUNCLE was up before the beaks for appropriating a chenille net belonging to the Hon. Miss CHONDLEMONDONDELEY, Maid of Honor to her Majesty the Queen.

Groups of people were to be seen at the corners of the streets, discussing the fruitless topic of cotton and the Hamerican war. Mr. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, like a "live Yankee" as he is, has invented a machine for catching the H's dropped by these wondering Cockneys, and another for clipping off those that are put where they have no business to be. In this enterprise he has the countenance of several men of Letters.

A CELESTIAL SKEDADDLE.

MR. TUTTLE'S Comet, we are told, is "moving rapidly toward the South, and will disappear in the twilight in the South-west about the middle of September."

If Mr. TUTTLE really has any stock in the luminous body referred to, we are sorry for him, because it argues badly for his patriotism that he should assist in thus lighting up the South at this juncture. We think the Comity of nations demands some ivestigation into this business of Mr. TUTTLE and his contraband comet.

PROFOUND WAR CRITICISM.

ONE of the daily war-correspondents makes the following mature remarks in his report of a late battle:

"It was particularly observed that an immense number of stragglers were loafing about the field. Stragglers are a nuisance to an army, and the discipline of troops can be ascertained by observing if many of them leave the ranks during a march."

This is the bare truth, pithily told, and fearlessly. For instance, the merest tyro in military affairs, any man short of a professional idiot, indeed, would say that such and such a regiment was rather slack in discipline than otherwise, if about three fourths of the men were observed "leaving the ranks during a march," or "loafing about the field" during a fight.

But then it isn't everybody who has the courage to put such facts as these into a letter.

CHANGING BASE.

JUST as soon as the Army of Virginia took to changing base and falling back upon Washington, the Government, too, found it expedient to change base and fall back upon MCCLELLAN.

LOCK AND STOCK.

AMONG items from the South, we have seen one stating that muskets with a new kind of lock have lately been introduced into the rebel army.

We are at a loss to think what kind of locks the ones in question can be; unless, indeed, they are Scalp Locks.

NOT ON THE CALENDAR.

WE are requested, (through medium,) by the spirit of ST. IVES, to inform our readers that he is no relation whatever to Dr. MALCOLM IVES, who, from present appearances, is not likely ever to get his name enrolled upon any calendar of the saintly kind.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.—No. 10.

FROM MR. GILMAN TREFIDAN.

MATCHVILLE, CONN., Sept. 5th, 1862.

THE Monument! the Monument! Save the Monument! Appeal to the invader!

GILMAN TREPIDAN.

P. S.—MR. EDITOR: Please excuse the abruptness of the above. I thought the mail was about to close, but have just been assured that I have ample time. Fearing, however, lest my information should not prove correct, I will let it stand, in hopes (in case I am obliged to close suddenly) you will be able to make out the meaning of it—for no time should be lost, if I am to be anyways instrumental in serving my country in the way I have proposed.

I have just seen a reliable gentleman from the South, (who has been the means of supplying much valuable information to the *Tribune*, by the way,) and am informed that the enemy are advancing upon the Capital of our country, and are at this moment shelling it!—which astounding intelligence I fear cannot be doubted. The mind of every truly patriotic individual at once reverts to that noble structure, the WASHINGTON Monument, conceived, in an ecstatic moment, I have sometimes fancied, by an angel rather than a human being, and now advancing toward completion at a rate which will admit of its completion in less than forty years.

This Precious Thing—containing stones of all sizes and colors, presented by different Potentates, Corporations, Societies, Individuals, (I myself—a Marble Manuf. well known in New-York, where I reside—have a handsome Block at the right of the passage at the 18th step counting from the Block sent by the Sultan of Turkey—which you may have seen,) and designed to pierce the very skies with its slender pinnacle 450 ft. from the ground—is in danger of being destroyed by shot and shell! I am aware of the Gothic, Vandalic, and Hunic character of our enemies—who go about like roaring wolves, seeking whom they may devour and what they may destroy; but it seems to me that an earnest appeal to their fine feelings—their former love of the Union, etc., could not be entirely fruitless. Their Vice-President, Mr. Stephens—who, when his first wife died, (I remember with pleasure, on referring to my books,) became a cus—

Mail is closing. Appeal—appeal! G. T.

"As You Like It."

A BOSTON paper mentions that a policeman lately "found three volumes of SHAKESPEARE in the dock at the end of Central wharf, with a piece of soap-stone tied to them."

Could it have been that the Great American Tragedian thus attempted to murder the Bard of Avon? Perhaps; but we think the "soap-stone" is probably a misprint, and should have been "Touchstone."

GERMANTOWN GRAPHICS.

War Series.

GERMANTOWN, August 25th, 1862.

FAIR VANITY:—Germantown is not played out.

At least, ENOS says so, and he ought to know.

ENOS, you may remember, is the person of zoological proclivities, who has charge of the monument erected in Germantown to the memory of the Turnpike. This monument is still popularly called "The Tollgate."

"In evidence that Germantown is not played out," said ENOS, "you just go round to the recruiting stations."

We started to "just go round," accordingly.

But, on the way, we met Lieutenant Q.

Q. is, or was, recruiting in Germantown for the Bidman Chapple regiment.

"How do you get on?" we asked.

"HANS," said Q., dejectedly, "I have recruited at the rate of one man in six days, and now I'm going away."

"How long have you been here, then?" we inquired.

"Four days and a half," replied Q., counting on his fingers.

The day being a very warm one, we postponed the calculation of what fraction of a regiment Q. had obtained in Germantown, and went our way, rejoicing that this opportune meeting had obviated the necessity of further "going round" to the recruiting stations, at the time.

It is, however, due to Germantown to add, that upon reporting the result of our "going round" to ENOS, he remarked that "it was because all the fellows had previously joined some of the other regiments."

Which seems likely.

Germantown has one thing to be proud of, at any rate. This is the Military Hospital.

This Hospital was previously the Town-Hall and Police-Station. But, "all the fellows having enlisted in some of the other regiments," there was no longer any use for a T. H. or P. S., the women of Germantown not being strong-minded. So they made a Hospital of it. And it really does them credit!

We stopped there, t'other day, to see our crony, K., one of the surgeons. He was busy receiving a detachment of invalids. Presently a tall, mild-looking youth came in, with a face like a cream cheese a little fly-blown, and announced himself as a patient.

"What's your name?" asked K., preparing to book him.

"My name is NORVAL," replied the young hero, calm as a summer eve.

"What! of the Grampian Hills?" cried K., impulsively.

"No, sir," answered the ingenuous Infant, gravely; "of the Sixth Pennsylvania!"

"ENOS is correct!" quoth we, and retired.

More anon.

SEPT. 3D, 1862.

YESTERDAY, an elderly, but otherwise highly respectable, and evidently sane person, entered a drug store in the suburb, and asked for a *Wafer!*

Yes! a WAFER!

And she didn't mean a postage-stamp!

No! In the year of grace (?) 1862—year of SPAULDING'S and other prepared mucilage, self-sealing envelopes, and sticky-fingered P. O. officials—an elderly, but very respectable and right-minded person (of the feminine gender) actually exists, who deliberately goeth about seeking a *Wafer!*

It may be appropriate to express the opinion that further comment is unnecessary.

The street of Germantown is at present made constantly jocund by male persons in scarlet integuments and exceeding un-oriental turbans. We were gratuitously informed by the courteous Barkeeper at B—ner's, that these effulgent persons were the "Zouayves dee Africk," commanded by Colonel COLLIS.

We asked him if their camp was called The Coliseum? He said it was not. Our conversation ended here.

There is a poet in Germantown. He is given to humorous verse. He is an athletic young man of about nineteen years of age, born of poor but otherwise upright parents, and has been bred a carpenter. Last evening, in a loose-id interval between drinks, he confided to us the following *jeu d'esprit*. He called it

A CONTRABANDYING JEST.

An outpost, as his round he paced,
Espied a mounted contraband
Skedaddling toward the woods in haste,
And straightway bade the "Brother" stand!

"Where are you going with that horse,"
The soldier cried, "you shady scamp?"
The Darkey grinned; "De fac ar, boss,
I'm only gwine to de-camp!"

You see, then, that Germantown is not nearly played out.

Yours briefly, HANS VON PUCK.

P. S.—We have just heard that the "Zouaves d'Afrique" are fed chiefly on Gum Arabic; with a view, no doubt, to bring their courage to the "sticking point." Curious, isn't it? H. V. P.

THE SOUTHERN FOUR-YEARS-OLD.

OUR little Four-years-olds at the North, here, who prattle so philosophically around "Editor's Tables," show rather disadvantageously, we are forced to admit, beside the infantile innocents of the South. Compared with the latter, they are as curds-and-whey might be to a man accustomed to the powerful compilations of which alcohol is the basis. Not to put too fine a point upon it, in fact, there is a rummy flavor about the Southern tootsicums, leading those honored with the acquaintance of the tiddy-iddy ting to infer that its mother habitually indulges in the mild elixir from which the adjective just used by us—rummy—derives its origin: indeed, we have been informed that, so peppery is the young ASTYANAX of Rebellia, fond mothers have prettily departed from the conventional "tootsicums," and may frequently be heard addressing their interesting kids as "kiddy-iddy capsicums."

A very intelligent gentleman (destitute of color) who has lately arrived from Licking River, Va., where he was a prisoner for three weeks, has furnished us with some extremely touching anecdotes of the kiddy-iddy capsicums of that neighborhood, a few of which we have selected for the entertainment of our readers.

There was a splendid little fellow in the house where our informant lodged—three years and nine months old, red eyes and hair, bandy legs, protuberant stomach, no teeth, and otherwise gifted intellectually as well as physically. One day this amiable child was heard roaring with a bitterness and perseverance which caused much uneasiness in the neighborhood. On being interrogated as to the cause of his grief, it appeared that he had been baffled—owing to the want of teeth—in a protracted effort to bite a piece out of his black "mammy's" arm; and here the native wit of the Southern infant shone out like a dew-drop in the following pithy exclamation, uttered by him amid a tornado of sobs: "If dad 'ad a bin a dentist 'stead of a darned fool, wouldn't I 'ave 'ad a chance to nip the cussed ole nigger!"

A favorite amusement with this young F.F.V. was to play at scalping his grandmother, who wore a false front, and was easily subdued, owing to her general debility from total paralysis of all the limbs. He used to call himself "Billy Bowlegs," when the scalping fit was on him, and went into a meeting-house one Sunday with grandmama's gingerbread-colored front hanging to his waist-belt, and a large Swedish turnip in his hand, to represent an enemy's head.

A cousin of this interesting babe—a flaxen-haired kiddy-iddy shecapsicum only three years old—wrote, and set to music with the aid of her little banjo, a war-chant which has had a great run among the children at the South. The first two lines of it, alone, are a whole team of sentiment in themselves, and show the strong feeling of aristocracy in which these scions of the Sunny South are nurtured; here they are:

"I, a queen upon my trone,
Lub de Yankee for him bone."

How flat and demoralized our Northern youngsters appear beside these rose-buds of the more genial "sacred soil"!